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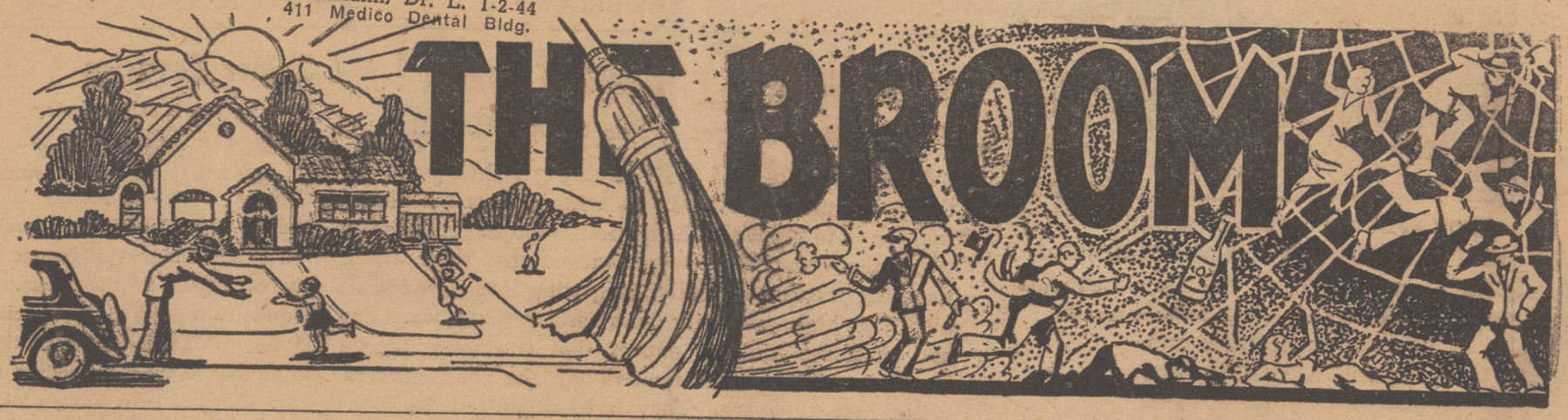

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Shockingly Unconventional

ONCE I WAS A GENTLEMAN

by C. Leon de Aryan

There was a time when I was foolish enough to follow convention, the result was a dead woman. So I vowed to myself, never again. This is how it happened:

I was in Lancaster, California, some 20 years ago, with a land survey party and was having supper in the only cafe, at that time, in the village. In the back, where the owner lived, a lively whiskey party was going on and one could hear them laughing and finally quarrelling. A shot rang out and women screamed, and then followed quite a confusion. It was none of my business, according to ordinary standards, but my inner mentor urged me to enter the backroom and find out what happened. But I did not follow the impulse immediately. The people who had been carousing in the back room ran in and out of it, hollering for water and towels and finally I heard a woman say: "Better get a doctor, she is dying", then I decided to walk in.

The woman owner of the cafe was lying on a bed and another woman and a man were applying cold water to her head and wrists. But I saw a trickle of blood coming out from under the shot woman's skirts. The fools, who were partly drunk, were trying to keep her alive with wet towels while the woman was bleeding, so I pulled up her dress and there was a small bullet wound bleeding steadily from her thigh. I tore off her underwear and stuffed it into the wound and then applied a turniquet. In a few moments the flow of blood stopped, but the woman was soon dead. The mattress was just soaked with blood.

The man looked at me blaringly, and so did the other woman with him, as to say, "what business have you pulling up her dress?" They even became bold enough to ask whether I was a doctor. "Hell, no, is that any reason why you drunks should let her bleed to death after you shot her?"

I never forgave myself for not barging in immediately as I had felt the urge to do. I might have saved her.

That was the last time in my life that I was a gentleman; since then I use common sense instead. I treat women as if they were human beings.

WHO DUMPED ALL THAT DIRT ?

On the train from Washington, D. C., as we were passing in the late afternoon through the Texas Panhandle, a woman with her three children boarded at Pampas. She was about 35 years old, the girl 10, the boy 8 and a baby girl 2. Night came. I had the last chair in the back of the car and she had the four chairs across the aisle from me. The mother with the baby in the back two seats and the two children in front of her. About 3 A. M. I had done all the dozing I wanted, I never sleep on trains, so I sat up straight and looked around. The lights were out, but I could see the woman sitting up across the aisle with her baby girl stretched out on her lap and partly in her arms, sound asleep, while the mother had her head on the top of the chair in front, torturing herself in a vain effort to snatch a little sleep. So I went and asked her to move over and let me take the baby. She protested that the child would not sleep on my lap and in my arms because I was a stranger to her. I told her to forget it, children loved me. So I edged into the seat and took the child's head and inch by inch the mother edged to the left till I sat down fully and had the child in my arms. Her feet were on her mother's lap. She woke up for an instant but I talked to her that she was alright and she went back to sleep. That reassured the mother. Then I turned to the woman and told her to forget convention, put her head on my shoulder and go to sleep.

She had sense enough to do it and in a short while the two of them were sleeping soundly. The baby girl in my arms and the mother on my shoulder. I was glad I was no conventional gentleman.

I always wanted a baby girl, but I have two boys, so I pretend here and there that I have a baby girl. That's why they like me and sleep in my arms.

When I was in Mexico City, after the first world war, during the flu epidemic, I worked as a nurse, taking care of members of the American colony. One family engaged me to step in when everybody but the man was sick in the house. I arrived at 8 P. M. The Mexican working girl was sick, the mother, a baby girl, the grand-mother and the man, too, was partly sick. The kitchen sink was piled with dishes. The house had not been swept for a week and nobody could be had to help. So I started with the sink and in an hour had the dishes cleared. Then I swept the kitchen and from there the hallway. Finally I heard a child cry. I investigated and the man, an American, was trying to put her to sleep, but he was hollow-eyed and nervous. So I simply ordered him to bed and took charge of the child. She was 3 years old.

I took her in my arms and loved her up, not worrying about the flu since I had handled flu cases for two months in a hospital of 35 beds and had not lost a single case, while elsewhere people died like flies. As soon as the child felt I loved her and, being at ease with her, the difference between her edgy father and my calmness soothed her nerves, who felt the assurance that all was well again. Then I gave her a sponge bath, changed her bedding and clothing and tucked her in. After that I went back to work, cleaned up the hallways, the parlor, attended to the three women and after midnight went to sleep. I was up by four and fixed hot water to give a bath to everybody. Got breakfast ready and by six the old man was up. Of course, I made him bathe and shave and told him to get ready for his office, I could handle the house. He did not believe it, but was glad to go to the office and straighten out the mess that was awaiting him there after a week's absence. Then I bathed the Mexican girl. She had sense and made no fuss. But the young mother wanted to be a lady, so she got a good scolding instead and had to submit being washed by me. Then the grandmother. It was after 9 A. M.

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"Laissez Faire" Good Doctrine

A good many people who should know better, keep associating the doctrine of "laissez faire"—pronounced "lessa fair"—with the profit system, or profit-taking. Instead of being associated with profit-taking, laissez faire would provide the conditions under which profit-taking would disappear.

Literally translated, laisez faire means noninterference. From this, many people have jumped to the conclusion that it means leaving things just as they are, doing nothing to stop injustice, and letting the trusts and monopolies exploit the people to their heart's content. If that were the economic meaning of laissez faire, the doctrine would deserve the condemnation it so often receives. But that is not its economic meaning.

The term laissez faire was introduced in the 18th century by a school of French economists known as the physiocrats. The physiocrates had no thought of complacent acceptance of injustice. Instead, the term to them signified a vigorous attack on entrenched privilege. The government was hepling the exploiters with subsidies and privileges, and the physiocrats proposed to stop it.

Those who condemn laissez faire commonly assume that this is what we have had in this country, and that our trusts and monopolies are the result. As a matter of fact, we have never have had laissez faire in this country since the first tariff was enacted in the administration of George Washington. From that time on, and especially after the Civil War, special privileges were multiplied. Not laissez faire, but the lack of it, produced our trusts and monopolies.

Laissez faire means simply a free and fair field. It means economic freedom. Under such conditions, nobody could long continue to garner huge profits, for others, including cooperatives, would come into the field to checkmate them. Instead of being associated with profit-taking, laissez faire would end the special privileges that blister profit-taking.

Nobody who understands the true meaning of laissez faire can call it a nefarious doctrine or associate it with profit-taking.

—— Nebraska Union-Farmer.

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C. LEON de ARYAN, Editor

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Editorial Reflections

When a little boy I read a story about Jesus carrying his head high while dragged in shackles before the Highpriest to be condemned as a blasphemer and seditious person. The grimness of the man who stolidly passed through his ordeal impressed itself on me for life and the thought of it has carried me safely thru many an ordeal where "authority" set itself up as arbiter over the truth.

So many people are telling me that they have prayed for me incessantly and I felt it, too, I am very sensitive and it buoyed my spirit successfully. And we need more prayer now than ever: "Father, Thy Will be done!" — For great things are coming and the people must not indulge in excesses of retribution. I suffered, but I do not hate nor fear. I am not bitter, though not blind to facts and truth.

Persecution is a two-edged sword. Those who draw that sword fall by it. History has proved it, again and again. But I hate persecution because it adjusts nothing and merely brutalizes the very persecutors. I want my people to be just and adamant, not cruel and callous, not hysteric and unbalanced. I want them to comprehend the truth and govern themselves accordingly like men, not suckers who turn maniacs over night and wreck insensitive vengence. Good government results only from self-government.

The "little Dies' committee of Jack Tenney has issued a red book report on its findings. It lists me among "Anti-Semitism" with intent to destroy "unity" during the war, in its preface.

But the factual report itself does not uphold the claim, which is quite a curious coincidence. It explains who gave my name to Jack Tenney to be smeared.

I have always reprinted and carried "news" about myself so you'll read the full report in next week's Broom. I can take it as well as dish it out.

I am about as anti-semitic as Milton Mayer whose splendid article in The Progressive about "the Missionary" is worth reprinting. I am a newspaperman who records facts; so why blame me?

◇

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals or forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhored,—etc.

—H. .W. Longfellow.

◇

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

—S. T. Coleridge.

◇

Eternal TRUTH will only come to those who realize the ONENESS of Nature in all its different phenomena.

—Confucius.

Missionary, Save Thyself !

by Milton Mayer in The PROGRESSIVE

The war-makers of 1941, having got their war, are the peace-makers of 1943. In ancient days the peace-makers were promised the highest beatitude in Paradise while the war-makers were warned that they would have the greatest difficulty in getting into Paradise at all. The high authority who issued these warnings and promises did not expect that the same people would be both the war-makers and the peace-makers.

But here they are. They have organized the Non-Partisan Council to Win the Peace. The Council was organized at an expensive luncheon of middle-aged and elderly people last week in Chicago. It stands, it says, "foursquare for a post-war system of collective security, backed by force, and committed to the building of peace through justice".

But the luncheon was not attended by the 42 per cent of the draftees who were unable to display the modest amount of health required for admission into the army, or by the 58 per cent of the draftees who will build the peace after an ardent few years of killing, and keeping their mouths shut, or by the 40,000,000 Americans who, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed, were clamoring for justice before the war began.

The great issue in our time, as in all times past, is justice. Our time differs from all times past in one respect: We can have justice if we want it. As long as Malthus and Darkin were right—as long as population increased faster than food and only the best-adjusted organisms could hope to survive—justice was impossible. In our time justice is possible. The question is; Do we want it?

Do We Want Justice ?

Justice is simply a matter of loving they neighbor as thyself. This doctrine has nothing to do with the Good Neighbor Policy because the Good Neighbor Policy, as everyone knows but Henry Wallace, has nothing to do with love. We in America loved our neighbors more dearly before the miracle of modern science made us think we could get along without them. We of the most favored nation on earth have been unable, since Jan. 1, 1863, to make anything but sporadic and cock-eyed efforts to mitigate injustice. When the efforts, the most recent of which was the New Deal, subsided, we found ourselves back where we were.

Do we want justice in our hearts? If we do, no tyranny or disorder down the block can prevent us from having it. Do we want justice in our nation? If we do, no tyranny or disorder abroad can prevent the most favored nation on earth from having it. Do we want justice all over the world? If we do, we can offer it to all the world out of the abundance we acquired merely by wanting it. But we have to have it to give before we can give it, and we have to want it before we can have it.

We can not force justice on ourselves if we do not want it. We certainly cannot force justice on other people if neither they nor we really want it. But if we want it for ourselves, we can get it for ourselves, and if we get it for ourselves we can give the world something to wonder at and perhaps, some day, to wish for.

FDR Preferred Power

Did we in America want justice before this war began?

If we did not want it then we do not want it now. The Wendell Willkie who now wants justice for all the world could not, by his own natural powers, have converted himself from the Wendell Willkie who in 1940 wanted justice for the "widows and orphans" who sit on the boards of the banks and insurance

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Easter Reveries

by Lewis A. Walmsley

I usually catch up on my news reading and write this column on Sunday. But this Sunday being Easter, like a lot of Americans, I made my annual pilgrimage to church. Then in the afternoon, took some flowers to the Vauclain Home. So, I didn't get much time to do any newspaper reading today. But I've been doing a lot of thinking.

The church I went to drew a full house and we heard a mighty fine sermon, based on the life of Jesus. The point the minister brought home to us was that you couldn't isolate the resurrection of Jesus from his life and works; that Jesus made the statement he had overcome the world before, not after, the resurrection and that the resurrection was only possible because of the spirituality and the sound philosophy practiced during the life of Jesus.

The friends I've talked to today who went to church, all report a large attendance. Readin' the newspaper, playin' golf, talkin' politics, telling each other how this war ought to be fought, and maybe spadin' up that Victory Garden may keep a large part of the American public busy most Sundays; but it's a safe bet Easter Sunday found a pretty fair proportion of them sitting in church and most of the sermons preached were about the life and teachings and resurrection of Jesus.

Now, ask any American, whether he goes to church regularly or just on Easter, what his religion is, and ninety-nine chances out of a hundred are, if you corner him down, he'll say he's a Christian. If he's a regular church member, he may say he's a Catholic, Presbyterian, Christian Scientist, or other particular brand of Christian. But he'll say he's a Christian. Chances are, even if he don't belong to any church, he'll still say he's a Christian. If you ask the average German, Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian, he'd claim to be a Christian, too, and there's a lot of good Christians in Russia, Japan, and China. It just stands to reason that the majority of people that are out trying to kill each other in this war are Christians, and it seems reasonable to believe that a lot of the people in all these countries went to church today and heard about the life and resurrection of Jesus.

Now, just supposin' Jesus were to appear here in the flesh again, teaching the things he taught before; teachings of love and unselfishness and honesty and purity;

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The Sun Work Shop

Good THOUGHT

Good WORD

Good DEED

"In hoc signo vinces."

Honey is good for the one who suffers from kidney troubles. Make a meal of bread and honey, thereafter take a tablespoonful of clear lemon juice.

A plunge in a cold bath before sunrise is most invigorating and makes one immune from hay fever and colds.

Treat the scalp with a wash of salt brine, and touch up with finger-tips dipped in kerosene. In the morning wash the hair with water softened by adding a little borax. Brush the scalp vigorously with a stiff brush.

Eat mashed turnips and baked parsnips. Grated raw potatoes mixed with grated carrots and a sprinkle of flour; bake in a well-oiled pan in a moderate oven. It is well to sprinkle into these dishes aromatics, like fennel, caraway, anise and dill, or add grated cheese.

Missionary Save Thyself !

(Continued from Page Two)

on justice will save the world, and no price will be too high to pay for it. But a nation of nations based on anything else should be forstalled as long as possible because it will fall under tyranny as soon as it comes into being.

companies. Men and nations are not converted over night except by supernatural grace, and we in America are not especially long on supernatural grace.

Mr. Roosevelt, taken as the New Deal, wanted justtice before this war. But he wanted justice only insofar as he was able to pursue it without losing power, and when he had to choose between justice and power, between the free vote and the poll-tax or the honest city and the Hague plurality, he invariably chose power, and with the invariabe false alibi that he had to have the power in order to do the justice.

The result of this cart-and-horse confusion was that the New Deal was erected on a delicate balance of corruption, reaction, pressure groupism, and pap. Making its few superficial efforts to distribute material goods in accordance with justice, the New Deal fed the consuming fire of materialism that was already tearing the world to pieces. It did not tackle the central problem of our time. The central problem of our time was our disinterest in justice.

And so, when the New Dealers boasted in 1940 that the country had become juster under Roosevelt, they were as short-sighted as the Republicans who boasted in 1928 that the country has become richer under Coolidge. The Republicans counted their chickens as soon as they were hatched instead of waiting to see whether they would be killed running down the road to greed. The New Dealers' chickens were killed running across the road to war.

We can not export what we haven't got. The sick physician is a poor advertisement of his own prescription, and the sinful missionary can not save the souls of the savages. Nations, as a wise man observed long ago, are not made of oak and rock, but of men, and the nation will be no better than the men are. So, too, with the nation of nations proposed by the various Councils to Win the Peace. It will be made of men.

If we of the most favored nation on earth have not been good enough to achieve justice, what chance have we to achieve justice for all the world by organizing ourselves and our less fortunate fellow-men into a nation of nations? Only a nation of nations based

'Justice'

Dear Sirs:

I see that the New York **Times**, with the help of our so-called Justice Department, has succeeded in compelling **the department stores** of New York **to resume advertising** in the **Times.** This is done in the name of enforcing the anti-trust laws, although the Justice Department finds nothing to enforce when newspapers gang up to raise their rates.

I hold no brief for the New York department stores, most of which are making more money than they know what to do with, but I do know from personal experience that many small business men have been forced out of business by the practices of the newspapers, who are never interfered with when they conspire to raise their rates.

JULIAN KULZEN,
Milwaukee, Wis., in La Follette's "Progressive".

—B—

Planning a Servile State

It is easier to establish a bureaucracy than to destroy it. The British people have submitted to restrictions, regulations and controls because they believed that a temporary sacrifice of liberty was necessary to make liberty secure in the future. But to suppose that when the war ends, these rules and controls will die a natural death is to ignore the lessons of experience and history. On the contrary, the system that has developed in the atmosphere of war will remain and grow more tyrannical unless a demand for freedom is made by men and women determined to regain their birthright.—Porcupine, Stockport, England.

Easter Reveries

(Continued from Page One)

teaching forgiveness and mercy and kindness and generosity; teaching that only the Father is capable of judging and that we owe allegiance only to our Father in Heaven. How long do you think Jesus would stay out of jail or a concentration camp? If he stopped on a street corner and people listened to what he had to say, he'd be arrested for blocking traffic and then he'd be thrown into a concentration camp for interferring with the war effort. In England they do have one park where they'd let him use a soap box; but if he got out of that park, the same thing would happen to him there. You could imagine how long he'd last in Berlin or in the big cities of any of the countries that are at war.

Someone once said that Christianity had failed. And the answer was Christianity had not failed, it just hadn't been tried.

—North Shores Sentinel.

Shockingly Unconventional

(Continued from Page One)

but the baby kept on sleeping. Mother became anxious and tiptoed to her room, but the child was sleeping sweetly. By 11 A. M. the father returned for a looksee and satisfied himself that I had things in hand.

"What did you do to the child? Christian Science? She never slept for a week". I smiled. "I loved her up, so she went to sleep satisfied".

The windup was that after the child awoke I put her in her buggy and stuck a milk bottle, nipple and all, in my front pocket and wheeled her out for an airing on the Paseo to the astonishment of all Mexicans and Whites, too, for no white man had ever pushed a baby buggy in public, by then. But she was my baby girl and nothing was too good for her.

And now back to our Texas mother.

She and the child slept soundly for three hours, and was I proud. When they awoke we had crossed into Arizona. The first mountain was visible. Soon the children were awake and looking out the window the boy cried: "Mother, mother, look, do you see? Oh my, how many trucks must have dumped that dirt?"

His father was a truck driver. The children, and believe it or not, the mother, too, had never seen a mountain. She was raised in the panhandle extension in Oklahoma and had moved to Pampas after marriage. So I explained to the children what a mountain was and how it was of solid rock and not thrown up by their father's dump trucks.

THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER

And here in San Diego I was riding home on the No. 2 street car. I had a seat, but was dead tired. The car was crowded. Unexplainably, I took an interest in a young woman. Something in her face attracted me. I wondered what it was and scrutinized her. Finally I looked down on her and got a glimpse as if she were pregnant. Perhaps in the fifth month.

I arose and offered her my seat. As I did so the man next to me arose also and got off the car. So the young woman piled into his seat but a little girl went with her. I had not figured on the child. The mother picked up the girl on her lap and made room for me to retake my former seat. I did, but asked her: "Aren't you pregnant?"

"Yes, I am", said she.

"Then let me take the child on my lap instead", and I picked up the 3 year old girl. "Oh, thank you", with all the relief in her voice. So we rode for quite a while, till I got off.

Later I told a lady about the incident. She was quite put out. "No gentleman asks a lady in public whether she is pregnant", scolded my friend.

"Thank God, I am no gentleman. I don't think she was a lady either, because she affirmed my question, so I could help her by taking the child on my lap and everybody was happy."

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de Aryan Takes Full Charge

With this issue of **The Broom,** I am taking over the duties and responsibilities of publisher as well as editor of **THE BROOM.** Any contents appearing in its columns are my choice and none else is responsible.

Having printed **The Broom** since its inception, 12½ years ago, it will continue, we trust, to be printed in Roy O. Akers' shop, as a job, which throws all responsibility for contents in its pages, upon the editor and publisher.

Akers did a courageous thing in keeping up the paper's regular appearance while confusion reigned, and many people considered me "guilty" of what to my mind would be pure treason. Although Akers at times, disagrees with me and my line of argument, he had fatih in my integrity and carried on after his own fashion, under the circumstances.

The Broom is pioneering in the weekly field. It has no excuse for existence as a commercial publication. As a pathfinder and pioneer in the realm of progress and higher Thought, the Broom is singular and original.

This originality is the result of life long study on my part.

I am bold in saying that I know the mission of the U. S. A. among the peoples of the earth and that I hold that destiny clearly before me in conducting this paper. I represent freedom, not only in politics, but in science, religion, health practice, economics and all human endeavors.

Since Pearl Harbor I called off all feuds. I hope that my antagonists call off their dogs, too. If they don't, the liability is theirs for I have a job to do and am about my Father's business.

C. LEON de ARYAN.

Financing the War

About a year ago the Townsend Weekly had a story in which it took issue with selling of bonds for financing the war. Townsend advised that a 5% tax would be much better.

Some officious busy-body who has no idea of the American practice of free speech and discussion of matters of prime interest to the sovereign voters, immediately hollered "sedition" and the U. S. P. O. held up the mailing of that issue for a day. But the Postal Solicitor released the batch by ruling that Townsend was perfectly within his rights to make a suggestion at variance with the method of the administration in power. And that is exactly the difference between tyranny and self-government. When the people know the various phases of war financing and are free to express their mind and discuss it, then they can wholeheartedly decide one way or the other.

That there are various and even better ways of financing the war no child even who knows Arithmetic can doubt. The Constitution itself prescribes a method at variance with bond selling and Abraham Lincoln used it to win the Civil War. Paragraph 5, Section 8, Article 1 reads: "Congress shall coin all money and regulate the value thereof." But Congress turned that work over to a privately owned and controlled group, today the Federal Reserve Bankers.

But even the Federal Reserve Bankers are worried about the terrific increase in the public debt for they, believe it or not, asked Henry Morgenthau to follow in Lincoln's footsteps and print "National Currency" WITHOUT PAYING INTEREST on bonds, by merely depositing dollar for dollar of U. S. bonds for the currency issued. We have now $660,000,000 of real American money in circulation on which the people will not have to pay a penny of interest to bankers or private bondholders.

Now if this can be done for 600 millions, is legal and sound, why not save the WHOLE interest on the national debt by refunding the outstanding issues with "National Curency" in accordance with the Constitution? !

PM and the 4th Term 'Conspiracy'

The New York daily PM, of April 23, had a copyrighted article on the "Fish amendment" to the Alien and Sedition Act to conform the operation of the Act to the Bill of Rights instead of using it to sabotage the Bill of Rights, as Congressman Fish charges, is being done now through the 2 indictments against the 28 and 34 alleged "seditionists".

I have sent a copy of Hamilton Fish's remarks, concerning his proposed amendments, to most of our readers and will mail out the balance to those who have not received them yet. Be sure and study it that you may appreciate the better who it is that is destroying America from within.

In the PM article mentioned above, I am honorably mentioned by my enemies, as the man who brought this proposed amendment into the open, as follows: "There was no publicity then and there has apparently been no publicity since, except for one non-commital story in **The Broom,** whose editor, C. Leon de Aryan, is among the 33 indicted. Government officials weren't aware of the existence of the bill until they learned about it from PM's Washington bureau. . . . . So camouflaged is the bill, in fact, that were it not for Aryan's slip, it might have been well on its way through Congress before anyone realized what Fish was putting over".

PM claims that the amendment would make it impossible to try the 33 in Washington, D. C. on a conspiracy charge, but would force the Dept. of Justice to try the defendants in the locality where they lived on the dates when the alleged conspiracy took place.

PM confesses that such "mass trial" in Washington would become impossible. Now if in conformity with the Bill of Rights and due process of law, the defendants would have to be tried in their respective home towns before a jury of their own peers, what is PM crying about?

I'll tell you.

PM is one of the group of alien minded publications which wants the New Deal perpetuated through a 4th and if possible fifth term of the present administration. If the editor of **The Broom** could be tried before a jury of people who, have no vote in D. C. and, know not the difference between a political campaign talk and sedition, then a precedent could be established by which any weekly editor could be prevented from campaigning against FDR for a 4th term on the fiction that it "demoralizes the armed forces" of voters, 18 to 44 of age. But if our editor were tried before a jury of San Diego voters who know his background . . . . but no, no, says PM, "Lawyers say that Section 3 (c) would prevent the Government from holding the mass trial in the District of Columbia", and so de Aryan must be brought to D C. where the Attorney General appoints the judge and his appointees appoint the jury.

But de Aryan did not "slip". PM is used to stealth and indirection, otherwise it would not have insinuated a "slip" because I mentioned Fish's bill. I do my work in the open. I wanted Fish's amendment discussed and cussed by PM and the rest of the alien-minded press. If the Bill of Rights is bad, if due legal process of law is "un-American", then, of course, PM is right and Fish is wrong and that is what I wanted the people to know.

Anyway, PM gives me credit for having scooped the national press again with my "non-commital story". Thats why everybody should read **THE BROOM** to keep up-to-date. PM reads it and knows then what is going on in Congress.

What About Anti-Catholics ?

Editor, The Broom:

One of the charges (and the principal one perhaps) against the thirty-four defendants, who are now waiting for the United States Department of Justice to file a third indictment against them—the third attempt of that Department to frame a proper indictment—is that as a part of said conspiracy the defendants attempted "to disunite the members of the military and the naval forces of the United States and the people of the United States" and would "array class against class, race against race and religion against religion".

Recently in New York City a dinner was given to Kenneth Leslie, editor of the violently anti-Catholic "The Protestant", at which more than 800 persons, many of them prominent in our national life, attended.

Why be so concerned about the alleged anti-Semitism of these little known thirty-four defendants, when hardly a ripple is raised by the sending of greetings to this anti-Catholic gathering by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of our President, and Harold Ickes, our Secretary of the Interior? If thirty-four insignificant men and women can be indicted for being anti-Semitic, what must be said about these 800 prominent persons, among whom were Clifton Fadiman, of "Information Please", Dorothy S. Baecker, president and publisher of the New York Post, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schiefflin, prominent New York socialites, Arthur Szyk, refugee cartoonist, and Pierre Van Paasen, who made a direct attack on the Catholic church!

If the Justice Department believes that pitting race against race and religion against religion is sedition, then it should immediately indict the 800 guests at Kenneth Leslie's banquet and their well-wishers.

Yours very truly,
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